

How to Train Your Werewolf (And Father)

by Sebe

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Summary: Stiles tries to diffuse a tense situation between Derek and the Sheriff, but with his throat injured, he has to communicate 'don't kill. don't glare' to them both effectively another way. The Sheriff knows about werewolves.

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Found this gif set on
tumblr:

post/34778491964/teen-wolf-au-x-how-to-train-your-dragon-ill-kill

And I couldn't help myself when it fit perfectly with a story blurb I'd already been thinking about. I hope the gif maker doesn't mind. Not an expert at using tumblr at all. ^_^;Enjoy!

Summary: Stiles tries to diffuse a tense situation between Derek and the Sheriff, but with his throat injured, he has to communicate _'don't kill. don't glare'_ to them both effectively another way. The Sheriff knows about werewolves.

****How To Train Your Werewolf (And Father)****

Stiles couldn't talk, couldn't communicate to his father that Derek wasn't a threat. The one time he really needed to speak and the same injuries that led up to this confrontation of parent and rescuer, also prevented him from stopping it. Being tossed around and nearly strangled by rival packs sucked.

The two were already nose to nose, completely on the Sheriff's end. One righteous fury and one careful indifference. Stiles knew Derek wouldn't actually hurt his father, but he wasn't sure the favor would be returned. And a werewolf full of bullet holes, however non-lethal, was something they did not need right now.

Stiles pushed himself between them, hands on his father's chest. He tried to say something, anything; _'stop', 'friend', 'good_werewolf', anything, but no sound came out. His harsh, painful gasps of air as he tried for words only made his father look more furious, made Derek tense behind him.

Stiles opened and closed his mouth a few times, frustration increasing as his father's expression turned from anger to heartbreak the longer Stiles floundered. Running a hand through his close-cropped hair, Stiles edged closer to frustrated panic and looked around the room.

His face lit up as something caught his eye. He abandoned his place as guard rail between the two men and went to retrieve it. He needn't have worried about them fighting in his brief absence, both sets of eyes locked on him, not each other.

He came back waving a DVD case in front of his father's face. The man looked at the movie, one they both knew, with confusion. When he looked at Stiles again, the teen turned to Derek, showing him the cover. The werewolf's perplexed expression mirrored the Sheriff's almost perfectly

Stiles twisted his mouth into a disappointed _'you know this'_ kind of frown and darted his eyes from Derek to the Sheriff and back again. He stared at Derek, trying to telepathically beat his point into that thick wolf skull of his. After a second, the most annoyed, long-suffering look Stiles had ever seen crossed Derek's face, but he nodded his understanding.

Stiles looked pointedly at his father, holding up the DVD, 'How To Train Your Dragon', again, and indicating that the man needed to pay attention. Stiles held up his hand and grinned at Derek. Narrowing his eyes, Derek begrudgingly stepped forward and bumped Stiles' hand, pressing his forehead into the teen's palm.

Stiles absolutely beamed at his own cleverness (and at getting Derek to go along with it). He turned back to his father whose face had lost most of the lines of anger and apprehension. Now it once again mirrored Derek's; bemused and exasperated. They shared the look over the shoulder of their source of frustration.

See?, Stiles thought, they were bonding already.

End
file.